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Ta-li. From their stronghold, which is the Ta-li plain, they extend north to Ho-ch'ing, one day south of Li-chiang, and thence south-west, where they occupy exclusively the valley of the P'i Chiang 漕江 with its two towns, Yün-lung 雲龍[3] in the south, and Lan-p'ing 蘭坪 in the north.

The K'un-ming plain is to some extent also peopled by Min-chia, and the women are easily recognized by the brilliant red trousers they wear. They are now a mixed race and, as Terrien de Lacouperie says, "their language bears out the same testimony." In his paper on the pre-Chinese languages he says, "Chinese, Mo-so, Lo-lo, and Tibetan words have been adopted instead of the original vocables, but the Mon character of the language is still recognizable in many words, and the positions of the genitive and of the adjective are in accordance with this indication." The Min-chia are not related to the Tibeto-Burman stock to which the Mo-so or Na-khi belong, but are akin to the Pa-laung, Wa, and others of the Mon-Khmer race. As I have not studied these people, I shall simply give translations of texts regarding them from Chinese works such as the *Yün-nan T'ung-chih* (Great Topography of Yün-nan), etc. *See*: FITZGERALD C. P., *The Tower of Five Glories*, 1941.

The *Yün-nan T'ung-chih*, ch. 199, pp. 8b–9a, states: "Pai-jen first dwelled at Ta-li and Pai-ngai-ch'uan 白崖川. Accordingly they belong to the division of the Pai-man 白蠻 of Chin-ch'ih 金齒 [Chin-ch'ih ch'eng 金齒城 is the present-day Pao-shan 保山 (Yung-ch'ang 永昌) in south-west Yün-nan]. Because the custom of the Pai-i 百夷 was to cover two of their front teeth with gold, they were called the Chin-ch'ih-man 金齒蠻" (Gold-teeth savages). This custom still prevails in Yün-nan; especially in the capital, where Chinese dentists are more busily engaged covering perfectly sound canines with gold than in genuine dentistry.

"To the west of Chin-ch'ih were the T'u man 土蠻 (Aboriginal savages) to whom belonged eight tribes, the Chin-ch'ih, Pai-i, P'o, O-ch'ang 峨昌 (Marco Polo's Vo-chang), P'iao 驃 (evidently the natives of eastern Burma are meant), the Hsieh 擕, Chü-lo 渠羅 and Pi-su 比蘇. The Chin-ch'ih-man were originally the Mang-shih-man 芒施蠻. At the time when I-mou-hsün fought all the savages, the Chin-ch'ih tribe were weakened. Afterwards they increased and flourished. For that reason there was established in the Chin-ch'ih and other [tribal] lands an An-fu-ssu 安撫司 (Pacification commissioner). Afterwards the Pai-jen dwelled in the territory of Ching-tung fu 景東府,[4] Yün-nan, Lin-an 臨安, Ch'ü-ching 曲靖, K'ai-hua 開化, Ta-li, Ch'u-hsiung 楚雄, Yao-an 姚安, Yung-ch'ang, Yung-pei 永北 and Li-chiang.

[3] Latitude, 25° 49′; Longitude 99° 22′. According to the K'ang-hsi dictionary the character 瀘 is read *lu'u* and never *p'i* or *pi*. The people of Yün-lung call their river Pi Chiang, also often P'i Chiang. The character 瀘 used on the local military map and in Yün-nan generally is therefore wrong; it should be 鼻, which according to the K'ang-hsi dictionary is pronounced *pi* or *p'i*, and is also given as the name of a river. The *Chio-ch'ing I-t'ung chih*, ch. 478, fol. 11a, states it is also called Lo-ma Chiang 騾馬江 and Shun Chiang 順江, it has its source in Lao-chün Shan.

[4] Pi-su was one of the eight *ch'eng* (cities) of the State of Yung-ch'ang, which was the Li-chiang district during the Later Han dynasty, and is not to be confused with the present Yung-ch'ang just mentioned. During the Nan-chao Kingdom the Pai-man captured Ching-tung, after it had been established by the Meng family as Yin-sheng fu 銀生府.

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rainy season becomes a large pond, we emerge onto a plateau of reddish soil with bushes of Cotoneaster, wild pears, and scrub-pines.

We descend into the Gyi-na lo gorge from a bluff overlooking it (7,700 feet elevation) to a bridge which spans the torrent at an elevation of 7,300 feet. Ascending the other side of the valley we strike the first hamlet in Bběr-ddĕr in a shallow basin with terraced fields, called Bu-du-wùa, at an elevation of 7,600 feet. Here we met the first Bběr-ddĕr Na-khi, a most painfully polite people, who knelt down and kowtowed at our approach. The young men are stalwart fellows, tall and well built; they wear homespun hemp-cloth trousers and jacket of a dull white to light gray, and either go barefoot or wear straw sandals (PLATE 134). The front half of the head is shaven, the hair plaited in a queue at the back. When asked why they still wear queues, they replied that if they cut them off the Tibetans would kill them. They live in constant fear and dread of the Chung-tien and Hsiang-ch'eng Tibetans.

From Bu-du-wùa, with its friendly people, we turned again towards the mountains, passing through rice-fields and crossing a small ravine, after which we arrived at a hamlet on a hill-top called Bpu-wùa, elevation 8,300 feet. Here also the people were very friendly and all volunteered to help, some to guide us and others to see that the caravan should not miss the trail.

The limestone spring and terraces of Bběr-p'ĕr-dtĕr. — From Bpu-wùa we followed along the hill-side to a deep ravine with the most peculiar limestone terraces and sinter basins, a miniature Yellowstone or Roturua, minus geysers and hot springs. These terraces, which extend deep down into the ravine, are called Bběr-p'ĕr-dtĕr and are at an elevation of 8,650 feet. The valley in which they are situated is called Bběr-p'ĕr-dshi.

The terraces owe their origin to a carbonate-of-lime-bearing spring flowing from a hill which on its south side is attached to the mountain spurs; to the west and north the hill is surrounded by deep ravines which descend from the Ta-ra mountains in the west and immediately behind it. The hill is several hundred feet high and the spring in its center, shaded by oaks and willows, is clear as crystal, only about two feet deep and about four feet in diameter (PLATE 135). In the immediate neighborhood of the spring all appears normal, yet some 10 to 15 feet away the water, which flows gently over a grassy flat, has built up shelves of calc-sinter which appear as if floating on the surface of the deep clear pools. Every shrub and plant is encrusted with a thick layer of carbonate of lime. Beyond the pools is a flat of cream-colored limestone, composed of myriads of petrified ripples or fine corrugations, deposited by the wavelets of the carbonate-of-lime-bearing water.

Thus was built up a succession of marvellous terraces over the entire hill, created bulging promontories with shallow basins, the water flowing gently and noiselessly over these queer structures, ever depositing its sediment. The basins and terraces have all the appearance of being artificial. Some resemble a terraced, flooded rice-field awaiting planting, save that the water is a bluish-white and the banks of the terrace a creamy-yellow, with millions of corrugations, every wavelet a thin shell of lime, of which there must be thousands of layers. The whole structure sounds hollow as one walks over it, but it does not break. With the continuous deposit from the gently flowing waters the ter-

3: Hutson M-5 (no date) 1921 AF16 Southwest China AF16

Those feet which have been bound from childhood have an ideal length of three inches, but many are much larger. This involves enormous suffering to the child, but small feet are a source of pride to all who possess them, and large feet a source of shame.

A foot that is long and narrow is much disliked and is called *huang kua* 黃瓜 *chüeh*, cucumber foot. The reasons assigned for the continuation of this custom are as follows:

(1) It is the custom and that is enough for most people.

(2) It is nice looking. These small feet are also called the *hsiang kou* 香鉤 or incense hook with which to hook the affections of the men; and the men generally desire that the feet should be so.

(3) It is impossible to find a husband unless the girl's feet are bound.

(4) It keeps the women from bad company and from remaining away from home.

In Ssŭch'uan some women make a speciality of both footbinding and hair dressing, others make a speciality of one only.

THE QUEUE. 辮子 *pien tzŭ*

When the Ch'ing dynasty conquered the Chinese Empire the shaving of the head was made compulsory, the barber being sent forth with an official warrant to seize and shave all the refractory and rebellious; and the barber bears to this day the name of *tai chao* 待詔 or carry-passport man. Till quite recently the itinerant barber's stand consisted in a low stool for sitting on, and a high stool on which the hands could be rested: on the other side was a small boiler for heating water, and above was a short mast on which there were two iron hooks, from one of which a sword used to be suspended while on the other the head of the rebellious was hung after execution. From the top of this mast the flag used to be displayed.

Popular opinion has it that there were certain exceptions to the rule of head shaving; these were as follows: 男從女不從 *Nan ts'ung nü pu ts'ung*; the men had to conform but the women did not need to do so. Thus we have the Chinese

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302 women wearing the dress of the Ming dynasty while the men had to adopt the Manchu style of dressing, as well as the head-shaving. The living had to conform, but the funeral rites remained as before the occupation, 生從死不從, *shêng ts'ung, ssŭ pu ts'ung.* The people had to conform but not the priests; *min ts'ung chiao pu ts'ung* 民從教不從. Hence we have the clean-shaven Buddhist priest, and the coiled locks of the Taoist sect; this is believed to be the original Chinese mode of hair dressing. Moreover the style of garments now worn by the Taoist priests would appear to be the style of ancient China.

When the queue was forced upon the Chinese people it was hateful to them as a sign of subjection to a stronger branch of the Mongolian race. This loathing gradually gave place to pride, and the queue became a national badge, and a sign of loyalty to the reigning dynasty. Hence every rebellion against the Manchus has made the cutting off of the queue of first importance.

The queue, when worn properly, was used to indicate reverence for superiors, respect to equals, and decorum in worship. No inferior would dare to enter the presence of a superior with his queue hanging in front, or coiled round the head; and when worshipping at the temples its position was carefully noted. The following are a few of the kinds of queues spoken of by the Chinese and were indicative of character:

To leave the hair unplaited for three handwidths from the skull in order that the hair might fall loose on the neck; 鬆三把 *sung san pa.* This was for protection against sword cuts, and also in fights, when the queue was largely used to pull with. Its looseness kept the strain from falling on one part of the head.

302 575 The big queue made up of false hair and silk. Those who wear this are known as *wu êrh shên* 吾二神, and are those who have just entered a secret society. They are neither men nor boys.

The dandy of the secret society wears a queue that is dressed up with silk tassels, *têng lung t'iao pien tzŭ* 燈籠條辮子.

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The unkempt queue of the novice who has not entered the society is called *k'ung tzŭ* 空子 *pien tzŭ*.

A few hairs on the back of the head is called *yü mei sui* 御麥穗 *pien tzŭ* or a *hao-tzŭ wei pa* 耗子尾巴, a rat's tail.

A nice-looking queue of a youth with a long red cord attached to it is called *kua tao pa* 鴂刀把 *pien tzŭ*, the sword-handle queue.

The cow's head, *niu t'ou* 牛頭 queue is worn by women of the aboriginal tribes to the west of Kuan Hsien.

A common proverb is *shên hsien yang chih-chia, hsin hsien yang t'ou-fa* 身閑養指甲, 心閑養頭髮; an idle body grows finger nails; an idle head grows hair.

The Kitan tribes, *ta-ta* 韃靼, probably the ancestors of the Mongols, have the following slang names for the queue:

The hairy lid, *mao kai-tzŭ* 毛蓋子; Tartar hair, *ta-ta mao*; the hairy tassel, *mao t'ou tzŭ* 毛頭子; the horse-bucket cover, *ma t'ung kai* 馬桶蓋; the magpie's nest, *ya ch'iao wo* 鴉鵲窩; the tadpole's tail, *ting ting wei* 丁丁尾.

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S P 361 101 One more characteristic of the Shans I should mention is that they are not a hill people. It is true they usually live in a hilly country, but their own villages and fields are always in the plains and river valleys which lie in between the ranges, the actual hills being inhabited by other tribes. In Yün-nan itself they own most of the valleys below 4000 feet, anything under that level being considered too unhealthy to live in by the Yün-nanese Chinaman.

On the 8th January we left Nam-hkam, crossed the Shweli at Nawng-hok ferry and camped in Chinese territory at the large village of Möng-ping, where we slept in the Shan monastery.

S P 622 S P [291] Our companions besides the Chinese deputies P'êng and Yüeh were the two Shan sawbwas of Möng Na[1] and San-ta[2]. The first of these chiefs is a very remarkable figure to meet with in this part of the world—a man of about 40 with a bald head, a red complexion, and a beard of enormous length. Dressed as he was in a long robe tied round the waist by a cord, one would most certainly take him for a French priest. It would not enter one's head to imagine that he was a Shan. He had a most genial manner, always spoke at the top of his voice, and was the greatest friends with everyone.

S P •302 622 Of his beard he was immensely proud, and in the early morning he would thrust it into a black silk bag to protect it from the dew. It cost him very dear a few years ago. He told us the story himself of how Ting, a Chinese general who had risen from a very low station of life, came to Möng Na and was consumed with jealousy when he saw the sawbwa's beard. He asked him how he, a mere aboriginal chief, dared to come into the presence of a Chinese general with a beard of such length, and ordered him to shave it off or pay a fine of two thousand taels. The money was paid without hesitation.

The sawbwa was however not entirely satisfied with his appearance. Though he was not much over forty, he longed for the honour and respect which in China are paid to old age, and he begged Warry to try and get him some medicine which would turn his beard white. He was much surprised

[1] Called Kan-ngai or Kan-ai by the Chinese.
[2] Pronounced Chan-ta by the Chinese.

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S P [302] 622

and disappointed when told that there was no demand in England for hair dyes of that colour. Perhaps the lapse of time has by now given him his heart's desire.

The San-ta sawbwa was a much younger man, with a decidedly intelligent but rather shifty-looking face, much pitted with small-pox. He was extremely anxious to learn about western inventions, and was greatly struck with our tents and heliographs. He had not a very good reputation among the Shans and was said to have succeeded to the sawbwaship by putting one of his relatives out of the way. An account of his untimely end at the hands of the executioner will be found on a later page[1].

We had no escort of our own except a nominal one of a corporal and four men of the Yorkshire Regiment, whom we took more as a matter of dignity than from any anticipation of danger.

Our second march took us into Möng Mow, the capital of the Chinese Shan State of that name. We were met about a mile from the town by some Chinese troops and by some of the Shan followers of the Möng Na and Möng Mow sawbwas. The Möng Na men looked very well in green sleeveless coats with a black border, and most of them were armed with breech-loaders. The town is built at the foot of the bare range of hills which bounds the Shweli valley on the north, and is surrounded by a brick wall in a very fair state of repair. The place was en fête at the time, as one of the Möng Na sawbwa's four sons was just going to be married to a daughter of the Möng Mow chief.

S P [291] S P [361]

We halted the next day and went to pay a visit to the sawbwa. His palace was a very small tumble-down building, and the sawbwa himself a little shrivelled-up looking man, extremely nervous in the presence of the Chinese officials, and I believe almost incapable of managing his affairs through over-indulgence in opium[2].

In the evening we went to an amateur theatrical performance, in which most of the parts were taken by members of the two sawbwas' families. The piece was in Shan, but was a translation from the Chinese, and was all sung to the monotonous tune of the Chinese theatre.

S P 545

[1] See page 189.
[2] He died not long after our visit.

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S P 291 Shan women, and with coloured fringes hanging down on each side, while the petticoat is often of large checks of red, white and green.

S P 622 On the 13th a level road through numerous villages took us to Möng Wan, the capital of the state. We were met at the entrance to the town by the sawbwa, a boy of 10, and his two *amats* or ministers, one a Hu-nan Chinaman, the other a Möng Na Shan. All three made profound obeisances, and we went on into the town and were put up in a very good three-roomed brick house.

S P [361] [342] The place contains about 300 houses. Its narrow paved streets and closely-packed houses of soft brick make it look more like a Chinese town, but it is almost entirely inhabited by Shans. The sawbwa was at that time too young to take any part in the management of the state, and his mother, according to Shan custom, was acting as regent till he was old enough.

The next day, still marching in a northerly direction, we forded the Nam Wan, crossed the range of hills which divides the Shweli from the Taping basin at 5300 feet, descended very steeply into the Ho-hsa[1] valley, and crossed the Nam Hsa, a stream 15 yards wide, into the capital of the Ho-hsa state, a town of only 70 houses.

We were received by the sawbwa, a fine-looking old gentleman of 66, with a white moustache and quite a hooked nose. He is the same chief who is mentioned in Dr Anderson's book, *From Mandalay to Momien*, and he remembered all the names of the members of Colonel Sladen's expedition who had visited him in 1868. He said they had stayed with him a long time, and he appeared to have most pleasant recollections of their visit.

S P [302] On the 15th January a march of seven miles brought us to La-hsa, the capital of the other state into which the Nam Hsa plain is divided. The sawbwa, a man of 56, wore his beard as well as his hair plaited into a pigtail.

He had lately got into trouble with the Chinese authorities. A Shan priest, a native of Möng Cheng[2], a state lying east of the Salween, arrived in La-hsa, and on

[1] Called Hu-sa by the Chinese.
[2] Chên-k'ang in Chinese.

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579 seriously hurt. The affair was not an organised riot, as they
186 did not know we were coming. It may be taken in fact more as a way of showing their dislike to those who have had the misfortune not to be born Chinamen, and as an expression of opinion that foreigners would be better advised to stay in their own country. Still this sort of thing may easily grow into more serious rioting, and I am strongly of opinion that Governments should take notice of even the smallest incidents of this kind where their subjects are the victims of attack by Chinese mobs.

It was unfortunate that our baggage had got ahead of us. Had we been there ourselves and insisted on being let into the inn, breaking in by force if necessary, we should have had no further trouble. A show of physical force at the outset is very effective in dealing with Chinamen. This is the only time that I have been stoned in a Chinese town, and in most places in Yün-nan the mob though inquisitive are not actively hostile.

Soon after our arrival my friend Yang-fa-yung who had on my previous journey met me at Mien-ch'ing, came to see us. He apologised for the conduct of the mob, said that he would have protected us if he had known we were coming, and that orders had been given out which would ensure us from any recurrence of such a thing. The loud voice and bluff military manner which this gallant officer assumed as in keeping with the character of a soldier, caused us much amusement.

The next day we called on the *T'ing*. We found him very civil and friendly and he apologised for the occurrences of the day before. He treated us to sweet biscuits and green chartreuse, so he is evidently making progress in his knowledge of Western customs!

• 302 What most struck my two companions, both new to China, was the length of his nails which, according to the custom of the literary classes, had been allowed to grow an inch or more beyond the tips of his fingers, to indicate that he was under no necessity to do any work with his hands. This custom may appear to us somewhat inconvenient, but we were soon to learn that it has its uses, for a fly having fallen into Watts-Jones's chartreuse, our host dipped his nail into the glass and deftly scooped it out!

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last steep climb entailed much dragging and coaxing of our tired-out mules.

Mi-li can scarcely be called a town, as it is practically nothing but a large monastery inhabited almost entirely by lamas and by men who work for the lamas. There are scarcely any genuine "black men" as the Tibetans call laymen. This expression, I believe, originates in the long black hair worn by the lay population, in contradistinction to the shaven heads of the monks.

A very picturesque place is Mi-li, with its well-built white houses, numbering perhaps a hundred separate buildings, situated on a steeply sloping hillside with fine woods overhanging it. The king's palace is a remarkably fine building, three storeys high, and measuring nearly 100 yards square, constructed of solid masonry, whitewashed all over the outside.

Coming from China into Tibet one cannot help being struck by the superiority of the houses of the Tibetans to those of the Chinese. The Tibetan villager erects a really solid building of stone and mud with woodwork of good massive beams, always two storeys and often three storeys high, a house that is evidently meant to last and which gives him and his family plenty of room. The Chinaman of the same class is usually content with what in comparison is a miserable shanty. The cold climate of Tibet no doubt makes a more substantial house necessary, and another reason for the contrast may be found in the tendency which the Chinese have even in villages to crowd together, so that there is no room for the building of more commodious houses.

I was not the first European to visit Mi-li, for Mr Amundsen[1], a Swedish missionary, had passed through here a year before on his way from Ta-chien-lu to Ta-li Fu. He entered the country with what one may call proper introductions, in the shape of passports from the Chinese officials and from the Tibetan ruler of Chia-la, the state of which Ta-chien-lu is the capital. He also halted some days on the Mi-li border to allow time for the news

[1] I believe M. Bonin also visited Mi-li in 1897. My road cuts the route taken by these two travellers almost at right angles, so that I did not have to go over trodden ground.

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000 On the 28th March we reached Chung-tien after a march of nearly 20 miles over grass plains and low spurs, the first bit of level going we had had since leaving the S Chien-ch'ang valley nearly a month before.

ST The town contains some 300 houses, and we found a 302 sort of inn to put up in, kept by a Chinaman whose Tibetan 191 wife plaited her red hair in seven pigtails. The inhabitants of the town are most of them of mixed Chinese and Tibetan descent. They dress like Chinamen, but usually speak S Tibetan among themselves, though they can talk Chinese.

ST Chung-tien, or Che-tang to give the place its correct 631 Tibetan name, is a town of the *t'ing* class, and there is a 622 Chinese official of that rank here. But he has no real authority. The rulers of the country are to be found in the S large monastery which is situated a little further along the ST plain on the road to A-tun-tzŭ. Here there are said to be [651] 3,300 lamas. The taxation of the laymen to support the ecclesiastics is very heavy, and many families are leaving the district.

Everyone in Chung-tien, including the Chinese *chih-t'ing* is completely under the thumb of the lamas. I tried to hire a mule or two to ease my animals, but found it impossible to do so. The mule owners were quite willing, but they said that on their return they would certainly be beaten by the lamas for venturing to assist a foreigner. The Chung-tien lamas seem to be a truculent lot. Their demeanour when I passed the monastery the next day was S certainly not friendly.

ST It is curious how little impression the civilisation and 177 customs of the Chinese have produced on the Tibetans. Elsewhere, one of the principal characteristics of Chinese expansion is its power of absorbing other races. The greater part of the inhabitants of southern and western China are doubtless of aboriginal stock with a certain admixture of the real Chinese race. Yet the Chinaman of Yün-nan or Kuang-tung is thoroughly Chinese in his customs and ways of thought.

The process of absorption can still be seen actually going on in Yün-nan. I have found Lo-lo villages in all stages. It begins as a rule with the men learning to read Chinese, and adopting Chinese dress. Gradually they will